Yankee Go Home

infotextmanuscripts.org/yankee_go_home_poem.html

Yankee go home,
You're not wanted here,
Get out of my country
I say, loud and clear.

Yankee go home,
Oppress us no more,
Your vile exploitation
Provokes us to war.

We've had it, the Third World,
We're striking back, now,
Before us the Uncle Sam
Tyrant will cow.

No more will racism
Hold all of us down:
Yankee go home
Say black men and brown.

Yankee go home,
Time to say goodbye,
Now your sons and daughters,
Not ours, will die.

Yankee go home,
Now you are quite dead
As Trade Centers come
Crashing down on your head.

Yankee go home,
But hold it a bit,
You still owe us for
Dropping us in the shit,

So leave your computers,
And leave your CDs,
Your medical journals,
Your Hollywood sleaze.

Don’t take back your tractors,
Your corn and your wheat,
Those great benefactors:
How else will we eat?

Leave us vaccination
For tse-tse and pox,
Play nurse to our children,
Watch over our flocks.

We still want your dollars,
We still want your trade,
But most of all Yankee,
We want foreign aid.

Yankee go home,
But bear this in mind,
You owe us a living,
You bane of mankind.

Osama Bin Laden
Has you by the collar,
Die Yankee, but first,
Can you spare me a dollar?